

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

PUBLISHED BY PHILEMON CANFIELD, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE CONNECTICUT BAPTIST CONVENTION.

"WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE—CHURCHES"

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Missionary Intelligence.

From the Am. Baptist Magazine.

REV. MR. MASON'S JOURNAL.

EXCURSION TO THE JUNGLE.

Jan. 28, 1832. Before starting this morning,
one brought fowls, another plantains; and more
things were coming, when the cook came running
for me to stop them, saying, "they want to
give rice and one thing and another, but we
cannot carry them." Guides, whom heretofore
I had to seek out and pay, were ready to offer
their services gratis; and, on leaving the place,
"the teacher" presented me with an iron rod,
that had been his staff. There are four men
here, who declare they have abandoned the
worship of demons, and believe in Christianity.
But it is impossible, on a few hours' acquaintance,
to judge how far such professions deserve
credence. A few wearisome hours on a Karen
path, which is almost synonymous with no path
whatsoever, brought us over the lofty ridge that
divides the rivulets of the Ya-meng-ma-tsa from
those of the Hyee-khya. Here we found the
inhabitants had abandoned their houses, almost
universally, to go to the feast; and inhabitants
being what we wished to find, and not knowing
but the Lord might bless his truth, even at a
feast, we went to the feast too. Here, a handsome
new zayat, built for a Burman priest, was
prepared for my reception, situated about a
hundred yards from a large booth, which contains
the company. Soon after our arrival, to
one of the head men that asked for a tract, I
gave "the Balance," which he read through
aloud to many others, and said he understood it.
Eating, drinking, and making a noise, seem
among the principal objects for which these people
are assembled; and of consequence many are
but a little removed from a state of intoxication.
Most unpropitious hearers of the gospel!
We had no interruption at worship, except from
one drunkard, stammering out—"Gaudama
religion and the religion of Jesus Christ
are alike, for both forbid drinking." And yet
this was from one of Gaudama's professed
followers.

KAREN FUNERAL CEREMONY.

Since worship this evening, the priest has
arrived, for whom the zayat I occupy was erected.
They have conducted him into their booth,
where he has one corner allotted him, while at
the entrance boys are wrestling in a yellow circle,
and within, the dirges are kept up incessantly,
that are faintly heard above the "thundering
drum," and twenty other noisy accompaniments,
unmusical music. This is a scene on which a
priest, by the rules of his order, is not suffered
to look; but "the leaves and fishes" have attractions
even for a son of Nigban.

These festivals are the funeral ceremonies of
the Karens. After the body is burnt, the bones
that remain are gathered into a basket prepared
for the purpose, and at some convenient period
afterwards, the relations of the deceased make
a "feast of bones."

Should the family be too poor, the inhabitants
of the settlement contribute materials for the
feast; for, having been the custom of their ancestors,
from time immemorial, to make "these
festivals," they are regarded something like religious
ceremonies the omission of which is fraught
with misfortune. The basket containing the
bones is placed in the midst of the booth in
which the feast is held, and, for two or three
nights, great lamentation is made—the people
marching round singing dirges, and uttering
doleful yells. In the course of the feast, a little
shrine is erected to the demons, on which offerings
are placed, and before which, little companies
occasionally prostrate themselves. Here,
Karen customs end; but the Meat-khyens have
erected on their side a scion of Buddhism; and they
build a zayat for a priest, who is invited from
the nearest kingdom to read to them, and receive
offerings. The feast terminates by the bones
being buried in the earth.

Feb. 1. We took a north course to-day, and
passed over by noon, to the settlement on the
principal branch of the Palook. We visited
about fifteen houses; leaving tracts, and speaking
of the things pertaining to the kingdom of
God, so far as our time would permit.

Something of a mountain, and an extensive,
uninhabited forest, now lay between us and the
valley of the Pai creek. I told our people, however,
that we must cross them, where he has been reading
to-night. They seemed to prefer the former;
and with much fatigue to us all, though through a
beautiful romantic country of mountains and
cascades, we found ourselves by nightfall
among inhabitants.

Here are only two houses, and my host denies
"point blank" his being a sinner. Worship has
now been over, an hour; yet, while I write,
Moung-sha-too sits at my feet, surrounded by
Karens; while Ko-thah-by-oo's voice is still heard
from the distance, where he has been reading
the "Investigator"—"come Holy Spirit with
all thy quickening powers," or the watchman
waking him in vain.

The eastern mountains are seen here towering
high above the horizon, at the distance of
two or three days' journey; yet near here, from
the best native information, there is a pass by
which they can be crossed with ease. Intending
to cross them at this point, if practicable, it being
the point where population begins on the
eastern side, I had directed the mission boat to
come round to Pai with some necessities for our
journey. This induced us to turn aside, a short
day's walk, on the road to that village which lay
on our west.

3. The boat not having arrived, I sent Ko-
thah-by-oo, and Moung Long, to itinerate, for
two or three days, in a part of the settlement
that we have not visited; while I walked down
myself with Moung-Shwa-Moung, to Kyook-h,
tsay, a village near the mouth of the Pai creek.
I found about a dozen houses, and a Kyoung;
but learned that bro. Wade had anticipated me
in the distribution of tracts; and, finding, from
the description given, that the mission boat had
just passed up, we took a canoe and followed
it, when I was most agreeably surprised to find
Mrs. Mason in company.

7. We made an early start this morning, for
the eastward; and, after about an hour's walk,
met several Karens coming to visit me with
presents of eggs and rice. They professed themselves
believers; but, like certain senators
of Rome, that proposed to give Jesus Christ a
statue in the pantheon, they worship God with
the Nats and demons. It is exceedingly desirable
that this people should be instructed. Many
seem to have a little light, and are ready to receive
more. We have visited about 30 houses
in the settlement, in which attentive hearers have
always been found.

Large masses of rocks were in our path to-
day, corresponding both in appearance and in
fact, to the Quincy granite. In other places, I
observed some fine specimens of crystals of
quartz, while many of the rocks at the south
are characterized by containing large laminae
of mica.

After losing our way, we finally succeeded,
a little after sunset, in reaching three houses at
the extremity of the Pai settlement. Moung
Sek-kyee, I find, has visited these people, and
they call themselves believers; but admit that
they drink a little, and are a little afraid of the Nats,
and worship them a little.

8. At the point where we staid last night, the
hills at the south, which run easterly, make a
rectangular turn to the north, closing in with
the hills on the north bank, except a narrow
valley between, that stands open on the north
east angle, and down which, the head waters of
this stream flow. Our path led up this valley;
and, after a few hours' walk, we found ourselves
crossing the hills at its head. By noon, we were
on the banks of the Wa creek, a branch of the
Young-byouk, the next principal stream north,
and the one on which is located the Taling settlement,
noticed when passing through the Burman
villages. We soon left this creek, and began
to ascend the steepest, though not the highest
mountain I ever crossed. We frequently
had to draw ourselves up almost perpendicular
ascents, by the tree roots; & the day was far spent
before we reached the summit. In descending,
our guide missed the path; and, night closing
in, the chief point now to be gained, was the
finding of water. We ultimately succeeded in
reaching a bank, on which we encamped for the
night, beneath the blue canopy of heaven.

9. Like Gideon's fleece, I awoke this morning
with my blanket dry, while all was wet around
me, although I had not had even the shelter of a
tree, from the heavy dews that habitually fall
in this climate.

Our guides, after reconnoitring, concluded, as
I had been previously apprehensive, that we
went to the top of the mountain yesterday, and
came down; again; but did not cross it. Again
we made the fatiguing ascent, and again we
descended, but were still lost; which may serve
to show how little communication exists be-
tween the neighboring settlements,—having, as
we had, two Karens for guides from the nearest
houses. After wandering in search of a path in
vain, I concluded to wait in the woods, until
our guides could find inhabitants and return.

10. As I started for the pass in the mountains,
which I had learned, last night, was near, we
had a fine view of the "rocky mountain," pre-
sented its eastern front, half covered with creepers
and lichens, to the rising sun. Bamboos,
newly twisted off, indicated the near presence
of elephants, for which our guide kept a sharp
look-out, but without seeing any. Our road
soon led us up the bed of the Menta, a large
stream that flows through this valley. At one
time, we were in the creek, stepping up the hill,
from rock to rock; and, in a few minutes, at
the edge of a precipice, with the stream falling
"over rocks abrupt," 50 or 100 feet below us;
while the next moment brought us again into
the bed of the creek for a foot-path.

The water, in its rapid and precipitous course
has scooped the slate rocks, of which the mountain
is composed, into many fantastic shapes;
but I should much prefer seeing it in the less po-
etic form of writing slates, to aid the inhabitants
of these wild regions in acquiring useful knowl-
edge; and, for which the materials seem well
adapted.

We soon found ourselves on the east side of
the mountains, and on the waters of the Tenasserim.
Noon brought us to the banks of the
Ben creek,—a stream wide and deep, with
mountainous banks, running a north course.
Four or five days' journey down the creek, I am
told, stands H, tsek-koo village; while one day's
journey up the stream, are the most southern
inhabitants east of the mountains, until reaching
the vicinity of Mergui. Not being able to find
any individual who has been seen down this
stream, but knowing that Moung Sek-kyee,
who lives above, has, I had previously determined
to seek him out, in order to obtain information.
As the path up to the settlement led repeatedly
across the creek, where the water was
breast deep, I chose, with Moung Shway-Moung
and Moung Shat-too, to make my way up on a
raft, which we constructed of six or eight bam-
boos. A few hundred yards brought us to a
rapid, in crossing which, our raft parted; and,
though we succeeded in hinging it together again,
I found my situation no secure; for the creek
is alternately a broad, deep, and gentle stream;
and a narrow, rapid, and shallow torrent,
running like a cataract, sometimes defying our
united strength to draw our vessel over them.
The scenery is romantic in the extreme,
and often suggested the sequestered regions
where Dr. Johnson located the princes of Abyssinia.
Mountains and precipices, covered with
eternal verdure, and water-falls, that have rung
upon their unceasing echoes ever since the
days of Noah, are the only objects that meet the
eye, or strike the ear.

ROMANTIC SCENERY.

13. At the present moment, I am seated on a
water-worn rock, where a painter would seat
himself to sketch the wild scenery, with which
we are surrounded, and where the artless poetry
of nature seems to rise from the waters that
precipitate themselves over the rocks at my feet,
and throw themselves on the soul in the deep-
toned echoes, that are ever rolling their ceaseless
waves from mountain to mountain, over this
pathless valley.

We started this morning on our little fleet of
bamboo rafts, while yet the fog clung to the
summits of the lofty trees that skirt these waters,
and threw its mantle over us, from bank to bank.
My information at starting, was, that it would
take me two days to reach the next house. I
had predetermined that it should not; so we
scrambled over one rapid and another until
reaching these falls, which set at defiance all our
nautical skill, and the men are at the present
moment engaged in taking to pieces our rafts,
and carrying the bamboos round to the foot of
the rapids, where they are again made over.

14. The moon last night had held rule a couple
of hours, before our rafts were completed and
our dinner finished. No sooner had I given the
signal for our departure, than I was assailed
with remonstrances on every side; and was finally
told that, on account of rocks and rapids, we
absolutely could not go by night. But man
is the object of my search; for him I have a
message from God, and, like the sand before the
tempest, I must onward. Our ride was deli-
cious, sometimes paddling over the still waters
that slumber at the base of lofty precipices on
both banks, which threw their shadows quite
across the stream, while once we found ourselves
galloping down a rapid descent with the moon-
beams, and calling to the slumbering midnight
with "the voice of many waters." The lofty
and rocky banks, before we reached the place
we had in view, began to exhibit spots possible
of cultivation; yet we found that the houses we
sought were "two calls" inland, little short of a
mile.

The first house we reached could not afford
us room to lie down. We succeeded better
however at the next, and I soon forgot my fati-
gue; until waking this morning I heard
Moung Sek-kyee reading the Investigator. We
had all the neighborhood around us before
breakfast, who expressed their approbation of
the doctrine we taught. One old man says he
has abandoned the use of spirituous liquors,
believes in Christianity, and prays to the eternal
God. Yet he has never seen a Christian before,
but has heard of our religion from others, and
has considered it in his own mind. There are
four houses in the village, besides a distillery,
on which I unexpectedly stumbled, under a tree.—
A simpler one in its construction, it were difficult
to devise. On the fire stood a common earthen
pot, covered with a gourd, whose stem
conducted the steam into an inclined bamboo,
which was united to another gourd-covered pot,
that stood lower on the ground to receive the
nectar.

We met with no traces of living beings to-day,
except those of the rhinoceros, elephant, wild
cow, deer, &c., until reaching, about sunset, the
house in which I am now seated. There are
two other houses near, to the nearest of which
I have sent Moung Sek-kyee to spend the night;
while the third must be visited in the morning,
that none of these foresters may rise up in judgment
and say, "we never heard the gospel."

16. The country is becoming more populous.
We passed two or three little clusters of houses
to-day, where we left tracts and had some conver-
sation. The stream seems to be again running
among the hills, embanked sometimes on
both sides with immense beds of conglomerate
rocks of the transition class. At one time, we
passed a conical stone called "hot water stone,"
from the hot-springs which are said to exist near;
and at another, I stopped a few minutes to gaze
on a stone which is worshipped by both Karens
and Tavoyers, as containing the impression of
a demon's foot. It is a porphyritic rock, con-
taining some natural impressions, in which the
supernatural footprints. Another rock was
pointed out to me, as remarkable for the murder
of a priest some thirty or forty years ago, in
times of war between the Burmans and Siam-
ese; when, the people neglecting to plant, a
famine was produced, and great numbers died
of hunger. This priest, it appears, came from
Tavoy to seek food in the jungle; but the people,
more destitute than himself, murdered him for
the little in his possession.

ACCIDENT AT WORSHIP.

17. I have at length reached a Christian habi-
tation. It was dark before we reached Ya-Boo,
which consists of two houses, inhabited by three
families. Moung Dor has gone to the city;—
but his wife was ready to turn herself and fam-
ily out of the only room their house contains,
for my accommodation. Against this I protested,
and concluded to take up my quarters in
an old building, near which, if it had less cover
than the other, had also less fire and smoke; for
the Karens do all their cooking in the midst of
the room in which they live.

After supper, all assembled in my domicile for
worship; but Moung Shat-too had only just com-
menced the interpretation of portions of scrip-
ture I had been reading, when down came the
whole establishment. Providentially, the building
was a degree lower than Karen houses
usually are, which are commonly eight or ten
feet above the ground; and though we all came
down with the falling timbers, yet the falling
timbers of a Karen house are not very weighty,
and none were hurt.

An interval of half an hour found us all as-
sembled in the house, fire and smoke notwith-
standing, where we concluded our religious
exercises, less ludicrously than before. After
worship I had two applications for baptism.—
One, a woman that lives in the next house, an
old case. The other a young married woman,
daughter of Moung Dor, who dates her conver-
sion within a year. I have appointed next Sab-
bath for their examination.

18. I was gratified to hear Ma-Naw at prayer
this morning, long before the people were awake
and where she thought herself unobserved.—
After breakfast, I called her children around me
—five in number—and took their names, age,
attainments, &c., which course I intend pursu-
ing with all the Christian families in the jungle.
By this means, I shall have a valuable record of
what children need instruction, and where

schools can be most advantageously established.

News of my arrival, it appears, had reached
Htse-koo, and one of the disciples came to meet
me with a canoe, and take me off my raft.—
After stopping in Htse-koo long enough to visit
all the Christian families, and make out lists of
their children, I passed on to the village, Korn-
thaw, where I found a comfortable new zayat
built for my reception. Htse-koo consists of
three houses only, and all inhabited by Christian
families. The twelve houses under Ko So's
jurisdiction are scattered over several miles, of
which Ya-boo and Korn-thaw form a part. At
length, I have reached a pleasant resting place,
not the less pleasant for having faced the sun
five or six days on a raft, nor for being surround-
ed by a crowd, in respect to whom wherever I
look, I can stretch forth my hands and exclaim,
"these are my brethren, and these are my sis-
ters."

TRIUMPH OF MISSIONS.

19. Sabbath. I cry no longer the horrors of
heathenism! but, "the blessings of missions!"—
I date no longer from a heathen land. Heathen-
ism has fled these banks. I eat the rice, and
potatoes and fruit cultivated by Christian hands,
look on the fields of Christians, and see no
dwellings, but those inhabited by Christian
families. I am seated in the midst of a Christian
village, surrounded by a people that love as
Christians, converse as Christians, act like
Christians, and, in my eyes, look like Christians.
If it be worth a voyage across the Atlantic to
see the Shenandoah run through the Blue ridge,
surely a voyage across the globe would be amply
repaid by a Sabbath spent in this valley.—
The only punishment I must inflict on the ene-
mies of missions would be a pilgrimage to
these villages; and if they should not then admit
that enough has been here effected to make
remuneration for all the lives and money that
has been expended in missions since the Ketter-
ing prayer-meeting first met, it would not be for
want of evidence.

When brother Boardman visited this people
three years ago, they were worshipping demons,
and in the practice of all the vices connected
with universal drunkenness. But he preached to
them the gospel "with the Holy Ghost sent
down from heaven," and behold, "all things
have become new." I concluded to examine and
baptize five females to-day, from the upper vil-
lages, as it is inconvenient for them to stay long
from home. I have only room to say, that their
examination was like nearly all that have pre-
ceded, affording great evidence of experimen-
tal piety in the persons examined. The conver-
sions of four were of from one to three years'
standing, since which time, their good conduct
finds ample testimony from the members of the
church.

Shortly before sunset, I baptized these five
individuals, in the presence of more than a hun-
dred persons, gazing with deep interest on the
scene from the wild banks of the Pai. After the
baptism, we had the zayat filled with every de-
scription of persons, of every age and sex, and
was told "there is a multitude wishes for bap-
tism." I told them we would attend to their
applications to-morrow. Though this but ill
satisfied them, they were silent until one, better
acquainted with human nature than the others,
remarked to me that he had seen Mrs. Mason
within a few days, and added after speaking of
her health that he had been into the city to ask
for baptism; "but," continuing "they told me
I should find you in the jungle; and having
found you, I have brought my wife, my wife's
mother, my son, my daughter, and my daugh-
ter's husband; pointing out each in the crowd
as he spoke, and we all want to be baptized."—
On inquiring, he said he had been a believer un-
der five months; but the disciples think his con-
version genuine, as he was formerly a constant
opponent of the truth. Less I could not do, than
take the names of this interesting household;
and this was the signal for others to come for-
ward, until my list exceeded twenty. At wor-
ship I directed their attention to the language of
Paul, "If without thy love, I am nothing."

20. As in the kingdom of nature, so in the
kingdom of grace, by the blessing of God the
same cause often produces the same effect. In
revivals in America, the baptisms are frequently
blessed to the conversion of individuals; and
several persons whom we have examined to-
day, date their conversion from the baptism of
their friends. Among the number that came
forward for examination to-day, was the inter-
esting daughter of Moung Kyan. With tears I
felt constrained to bid her wait, on account of
her age; the mother had called her age ten;—
but one of the disciples now said, that her moth-
er was ignorant of her age, and that she suppos-
ed she was fifteen; she is fifteen in mind. An-
other, from the crowd, said she had walked to
the city once to ask for baptism. I soon found
cause to repent of my conclusion, and she was
cordially received after a most satisfactory ex-
amination. In the course of the afternoon, the
old sorcerer arrived—the guardian, "in the
reign of the devil," as the Karens designate their
former state, of "the psalms printed at Oxford."
He was accompanied by a boy borne down with
rice, potatoes, and yams, as an offering to pro-
pitiate my favor. His business was to inform
me that he intended to bring his wife for bap-
tism. I have since learned, however, that the
Christian females, that live in the villages above,
persuaded her to return with them this morn-
ing, not intending to let her come before me,
as they are not satisfied with her as a Chris-
tian. Just before worship this evening, the old
man asked for baptism himself; but without
making any direct reply, I selected the case of
Simon the sorcerer (Acts 8), as the subject of our
remarks; and have since been making inquiries
of the Christians concerning him. They say
he appears very well at present, but think he
had better wait. Two other men, who appear-
ed somewhat doubtful cases, were also set aside.

21. The case of Daw-pa, the man with his
family mentioned on Sunday, came up this
morning. He was before us about an hour;—
and though there is much about him that speaks
the Christian, yet I thought he seemed to trust
too much to his works of prayer, keeping the
Sabbath, breaking off from his wicked life, &c.; so
I gave him a pretty thorough lecturing on
spirituality of religion, telling him that he might
keep the Sabbath and pray all his days, and yet
go to hell at last. On being set aside, he said,

"if I cannot be baptized, I will pray and keep
the Sabbath." Two or three others were defer-
red; but I found on closing an examination near
sunset, that we had received twenty-two, whom
I immediately proceeded to baptize. It was a
motley group—there was the child of ten, with
the mother and her children, brother and sister,
the grandmother and her grandchild; the beard-
less boy and his hoary grand-sire.

KAREN MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

22. On leaving Tavoy, I intended should the
providence of God warrant it, to visit the Si-
amese Karens before my return; but the Karens
ignorant of my plans, anticipated me; and five
men, fifteen days ago, started on a mission to
that country. They returned to-day. It would
appear from their statements that the Karens
are in a higher state of civilization in that coun-
try than in this. There they live in large vil-
lages, are Buddhists, and have monasteries or ky-
oungs with Karen priests, where the Taling
language is taught. They are represented as
very ready to hear the gospel; but the head
men would not suffer our people to go further
into the country than the most frontier villages;
and threatened to have them whipped and im-
prisoned, if they brought any books for distribu-
tion. They had no books with them however
that could be understood, except a single copy
of the catechism in Taling.

23. This morning early I was again afloat,
and in a few hours found myself at the conflu-
ence of the Ben and Kha-moung-thwa, where
the united streams form the Mergui, or Tenasserim
river. In the forks is what the Karens call
"the ancient city," where they say a king
formerly dwelt. Not a vestige of its former in-
habitants can now be found, except the ruins of
a wall and pass on two sides, the other two, on
the river, being so difficult of access as to need
no artificial defence. No remains of pagodas
or any thing else can be seen, to indicate the re-
ligion of its former population; nor can I find
any traditions existing among the Karens, fur-
ther than that it was peopled by a people from
Mergui. About a mile below the forks, on the
east bank, stands Khyoung-toung-see, a vil-
lage of six houses; and the only inhabitants
on the Tenasserim, until reaching the vicinity of
Mergui. After visiting these houses, which are
all inhabited by Christian families, we passed up
the Khamoung-thwa to the village of Nga-lee-
kee, two or three miles from the creek on the
east side, consisting, like the former, of six
dwellings. Here I found the people busily en-
gaged in building a zayat for my reception, and
which they had nearly completed.

On the 24th, I went half a day's journey up
the stream, to the village of Nga-poung-toung;
and, returning on the 25th, baptized at Nga-lee-
kee on the following day, which was the Sab-
bath, nine persons—setting aside six others that
applied for the ordinance.

I know not but the charge of precipitancy
will be brought against me for baptizing so many
persons; but what can I do? One of the
above number, a girl of sixteen, and by no
means brighter than common, when I asked her,
by way of an introductory question, and which
had been asked no other one in her presence,
"what do you love most?" readily replied, "Oh
I love the Lord Jesus Christ far above every
thing else." To persons well attested by the
church, and capable of replies like this, I know
not how to object. That there are tares among
them, is highly probable; but they are not to be
rooted out till they are distinguished as such.—
On the 27th, I passed on westward, to He-doo
village, whose inhabitants are about half Chris-
tians, and consists of ten houses. Here another
new zayat was just finished for my reception.—
I passed on, however, to Quay-tha village, after
taking the names of ten or eleven new ap-
plicants for baptism, where I spent the night.—
Between this village, and Tavoy is the whole
range of mountains, and the distance consid-
ered two days' journey; yet I left the village at
sun rise on the morning of the 28th, and arrived
on Siam hill, in time to distinguish the tall palms
and spires of the city by the faint glare of a
sunset sky on the same day; after an absence
of fifty days.

INDIAN STATIONS.

LETTER OF REV. EVAN JONES, TO THE CORRES-
PONDING SECRETARY.

Valley Towns, Cher. Nat. May 13, 1833.

Rev. Sir,

I have great pleasure to say that in spite of
strenuous opposition to the gospel and its ad-
vocates, the sacred cause is still extending its salu-
tary influence.

The visit of our venerable and highly esteem-
ed friend, the treasurer, gave us the most cordial
satisfaction; and I trust the impression of his
pious and prudent counsel will be lasting;—
and that the regulations he has made, will give
a fresh impulse to the operations of the mission.

On the 17th and 18th of April, a large con-
course of Cherokees were assembled at the mis-
sion house, and the meetings were quite inter-
esting. The appearances were such as gave
evidence of the power of grace to tame the fer-
ocity of the savage, and would excite in the
mind of the devout Christian the pleasing anti-
cipation that the "summer is nigh." On the 18th
an interesting and affecting discourse was de-
livered by brother Bushyhead, in Cherokee, and
afterwards, on invitation, a good number came
forward to express their desire to join in prayer
to the Saviour of sinners.

Our brother, John Wickliffe, was set apart as
a minister of the gospel, to proclaim the glad
tidings of salvation to his people. This trans-
action was peculiarly interesting. To witness
the seriousness and deep humility with which
he was overwhelmed, when receiving the sacred
office, would have been very gratifying and en-
couraging to those pious friends who have taken
so much interest in the spiritual welfare of the
poor heathen.

Mr. Lincoln addressed the assembly in a short
speech, but so fully charged with Christian
philanthropy and holy union, that the whole
audience were greatly affected. Brother Bushy-
head attempted to reply in English, on behalf
of the Cherokees, but was so overcome that he
could utter but a few broken sentences, accom-
panied by the sobs and tears of the whole as-
semblage.

Much regret was felt that Mr. Lincoln's stay could not be prolonged.

I accompanied Mr. Lincoln to Clarksville, for which place, we started about 4 P. M., on the 18th. When I returned, I learned that the brethren who remained had a very interesting meeting at night.

On Sabbath day last, we had quite an interesting meeting at Galatonee, about three miles from this place. The congregation was not large, on account of high waters; but, I trust the spirit of the Lord was present in his gracious operations. About seventeen or eighteen came forward with weeping and mourning on account of their sins, and eleven told us the exercises of their minds concerning eternal things, and were received. We appointed next Sabbath for baptizing those who can make it convenient to go to Oodulhee, where our regular meeting is to be.

After the conclusion of the meeting, five couples presented themselves to be married after the manner of Christians.

Hoping for a continued interest in the prayers of our friends, I am, Rev. Sir, your obedient servant.

EVAN JONES.

Rev. and dear Sir,

May 25th. High water having prevented the passage of the mail, I add a few lines to the preceding. On Saturday, May 18th, we had a church meeting, according to appointment, at Oodulhee. Two persons came before the church, and gave us such an account of God's gracious dealings with them, as induced us to hope that a saving change had been effected.

Sunday morning, 19th, a young woman came forward, who had traveled twenty-three miles, on foot, to tell us the good news of having found the Saviour. Her relation was quite interesting, and was told with deep solemnity and many tears.

The two received on Saturday, the young woman just mentioned, and ten of the approved Sabbath before, at Galatonee, i. e. six males and seven females, then proceeded to the water; the males accompanied by a male attendant, and the females by female attendants, each. The thirteen, all full of the Holy Spirit, were then immersed in the name of the glorious Trinity. No white was present but myself. The greatest seriousness, and much feeling appeared among the candidates at the congregation.

One of the number, used to be a strong partisan of their old superstitions; and was himself a conjurer, of inferior degree. He, however, cheerfully and publicly renounced all his former notions, as "lying vanities," and expressed a firm confidence in the *atoning sacrifice* of the Son of God.

We still hope, that "God is our refuge, a very present help in troubles." And that "though the waters roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof, there is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God—the holy place of the tabernacles of the most high. God is in the midst of her," and "in spite of foes his cause goes on."

I am, dear Sir,

Your obedient servant,

EVAN JONES.

P. S.—I beg leave to correct a mistake, made by some friend, in making extracts from one of my letters. Brother Busbyhead, is, in a connecting observation, represented to be a full Cherokee—whereas he is, in fact, considerably mixed with white. The error may be thought of no importance; but the enemies of missions torture a trifling matter into a crime, however clearly the inadvertence may appear.

FROM THE BAPTIST REPOSITORY.

EXAMPLE OF INFIDELITY.

Being an authentic Narrative from the Diary of a Clergyman.

About fourteen years ago I removed to the little village of C, where I formed an acquaintance with a Mr. G., a thriving farmer and respectable country magistrate. He was at that time about thirty years of age, had a family consisting of a wife and three promising children, and by industry and economy had gained a comfortable independence. He was endowed with talents of a higher order improved by reading and observation, which joined with an amiable temper and engaging deportment, rendered him universally beloved and respected by all who knew him. His companion had made a profession of religion in early life and was a member of a Christian church in the vicinity, but Mr. G. though he had also made a profession of a hope in his early youth, had never connected himself with the visible church of Christ. He however professed an unshaken confidence in the Christian faith and was very active in the support of the gospel and other religious institutions. He also aided his amiable wife in rearing their offspring in the ways of piety and virtue, nor did he ever absent himself from the house of worship unless it was absolutely necessary.

In this manner four years passed away from the time I first became acquainted with him, and as the most perfect friendship existed between us, I visited frequently at his house, where I have often thought, I never witnessed a more perfect scene of domestic happiness. While he appeared thus happy in his domestic affairs, his wealth and influence was gradually increasing, and there were but few men in that portion of the country whose prospects were more flattering.

At about the time we have mentioned, a physician by the name of B. removed to a neighboring village who was not only very popular in his profession, but a man of superior talents and acquirements. He was also very affable in his manners and possessed by nature an amiable disposition, but he was unfortunately an opposer of the Christian religion. By his captivating manners and intelligent conversation, he soon gathered around him an extensive acquaintance, among whom was Mr. G. who admired his talents, and esteemed his character in general, though he at first highly contemned his irreligious sentiments. But having never made the truths of divine revelation his study, many of the arguments of Mr. B. began to appear unanswerable, and the more he listened, the more he began to doubt those solemn truths in which he had once felt such an unshaken confidence.

But notwithstanding the seeds of infidelity were becoming thus firmly rooted in his heart, he kept the secret within his own breast without any other change in his exterior conduct, than that of manifesting a relaxed zeal in the external duties of religion, and by absenting himself occasionally from the house of worship.

The amiable Mrs. G. had long felt a secret uneasiness at her husband's associating so intimately with a man whose sentiments were so pernicious, and whose insinuating conversation was so well calculated to lead the unwary into the same course, and when she beheld him becoming daily more indifferent to things of a religious nature, she found no difficulty in tracing this painful defection to its true cause. She however forbore to mention the subject to him until the change in his conduct had become so obvious as to excite the attention and remarks of

others, when she affectionately made known to him her fears, and gently admonished him of that change which had now become too evident to bear any longer concealment.

At first he appeared not a little embarrassed and protested to her that her fears were groundless and that his only object in listening to the arguments of Dr. B. were to gain information, and though it might have occasioned some doubts in his mind as to the truth of some things which he had formerly believed, he was in no wise apprehensive of ever being drawn away by sentiments of infidelity.

But though he might have been candid in these assertions they were far from allaying the fears of Mrs. G. she had often witnessed the effect of such speculations, and though he did not seem to be alarmed at his situation, she was already aware of the painful truth, that when we arrive at the point, when we begin to question the truth of the fundamental principle of the Christian religion, we have taken a dangerous stride, and one from which nothing but the power of God can reclaim us. So indeed it proved with Mr. G., who soon absented himself from public worship altogether, and when admonished by his friends who witnessed this melancholy change with regret, he would either attempt to exculpate himself with some frivolous excuse, or justify his conduct by expressing his doubts as to the truth of what he had formerly believed.

Having advanced thus far, it was not long before he reached that goal when the mournful truth was too evident that the amiable and interesting Mr. G. had become a confirmed infidel.

From this time he sought no longer to conceal his sentiments, and seemed to enjoy himself in combating the principles of the Christian religion, but retaining the better principles of his nature he promised his companion that he would never oppose her in her views, nor interfere in the religious instruction of their offspring. But when the principles of moral obligation once became eradicated from the breast, and a sense of our accountability to God ceases to operate, man is no longer his own keeper, nor are his passions any longer under his own control. So indeed it proved with the hapless victim now before us, as a radical change soon appeared to be effected in his whole character. From that time once so dear to him he would now under the pretence of business absent himself for days together, his domestic affairs became neglected, and some times he returned in a state of partial intoxication.

The reader will not suppose that the pious and amiable Mrs. G. witnessed this melancholy change in her husband without any attempt to reclaim him. Often and earnestly did she expostulate with him and strive to persuade him to forsake that course that was leading him to the destruction of both soul and body. She pointed to him in the most glowing colors the many scenes of domestic happiness they had enjoyed together, to which they must forever bid adieu unless he returned again to his former habits of sobriety. She reminded him of that standing in society to which his talents and character still entitled him, and finally pleaded that claim that she and their tender offspring had upon his care and protection, and reminded him of the state of dependence and neglect into which they must unavoidably sink, unless he forsook his present habits.

He listened to her at first with something like compunction of conscience, and would frequently manifest a disposition to reform by attending to his domestic affairs as usual, and by refraining from the use of ardent spirits for days together, with his usual rapid ascendancy over him. But his mind naturally cheerful became gloomy and abstract, and as his neglect of his business had drawn upon him several pecuniary embarrassments, he became pre-occupied and fretful, and soon gave himself up to an unrestrained course of dissipation.

During this time his sentiments of infidelity seemed gradually to increase and from first affecting to pity those whom he considered as led away with a baser delusion, his pity was changed to contempt, and from contempt to fiend-like enmity to every thing of a religious nature.

I will not weary the reader with the melancholy details of the consequences that followed. Those who have witnessed the effects of infidelity upon those who have apostatized from the Christian faith, when God is left to make them examples to others, withdraws from them the influence of his spirit, and leaves them to fill up the measure of their iniquity, may form some idea of the wretched Mr. G. whose character appeared transformed from that of a man into a devil incarnate. Suffice it to say, that in about three years from the time he had first forsaken the path of virtue, the heart-broken Mrs. G. with her tender offspring returned to her father's house in a destitute and dependent condition, leaving her husband a wretched vagabond, avoided and despised even by those who had been the cause of his ruin.

As might be expected, his constitution soon became a prey to unrestrained dissipation, a consumption was seated upon his vitals, and his emaciated frame evinced the approach of a speedy dissolution. But as his strength was gradually wasting, he betrayed an increasing and fiend-like enmity against all that was holy, and even when his endleless frame was reduced to a mere shadow, often have I trembled to hear him vent the most horrid oaths and imprecations against his Maker. For several days, however, preceding his death, he appeared at times more calm, and on one of those occasions I called to visit him, having at a former time attempted to enter into conversation with him as to his views of a future state which only served to throw him into a fit of indescribable rage, I forbore to mention the subject on the present occasion, till he introduced it himself, by apologizing for his former rudeness. "I know," said he "that your inquiry was prompted by that interest that you have ever manifested in my welfare, and how did I treat you? but you must forgive me, I am not what I once was, but as you expressed a desire to hear what are my present views as to a future state, you shall now know them, though I had intended that my awful secret should have perished with my body and may hereafter curse myself for what I am about to do—here he paused for a moment as if to overcome some powerful emotion, and then proceeded, "You behold in me one, who once flattered himself that he knew the ways of truth, but daringly forsook them, and rushed upon destruction with his eyes open to the light. The person whose tender mind is poisoned with sentiments of infidelity lives and dies in darkness, has one wretched consolation of which I am denied, he can impute his misery in some measure to the influence of others; but mine is in consequence of my own fool-hardiness and vanity. I dared to tamper with profane and unholy things, when my own conscience forewarned me of the consequences, and you now see to what it has brought me, a wretch, a vagabond upon the earth, shunned and avoided by those who were once proud of being called my friends; an outcast from heaven, an intruder among the works of God, and my greatest desire is to be in hell, that I may know the worst of my torment." Here he paused, and I was about to tell him of the great mercy of God, and the ample provision that was made through Jesus Christ for the vilest of sinners; when he interrupted me by saying, "Hold, name not the subject to me, talk not to me of mercy, the time is past, nor do I desire it. You would tell me," said he "of the darpest's son, (a term that he was wont to make use of when speaking of the Saviour) but he must be my Judge." Here his eyes seemed to flash with rage, he gnashed

with his teeth, and for a moment his once mild but striking countenance assumed a fiend-like malignity, and he was about to utter one of his usual imprecations, when checking himself he observed, "I will endeavor to compose myself and tell my mournful story, but if you would not desire to drive me mad, mention not that subject again."

He then proceeded to give me the following narrative, in which I have endeavored to follow his peculiar turn of expression as near as possible. "When I first began to listen to the blaudish sophistry of Dr. B. I little knew the danger to which I was exposing myself, as I flattered myself that my belief in the principles of Christianity was too well founded even to be shaken by the shafts of infidelity. But as I admired the man's character and gathered many new ideas from his conversation, I listened to him with pleasure, utterly unconscious of any change in my views, till I found myself beginning to question the fundamental principles of Christianity. Unaware however of the awful and dangerous stride that I had taken, I continued to speculate and to seek additional evidences of the theory I had embraced, though every new proof seemed to take away some enjoyment and to bring an additional sting of misery with it. Many also, were the struggles of conscience that I endured, and an indescribable dread of the future hung over me, that destroyed my peace. Strange, however as it may appear, I continued to persevere in a course that I was conscious was leading me to ruin, till I arrived at the point where I thought I had overcome my scruples, and began to exult in my superior attainments. "Did you" then I inquired "ever attain the point when you did not fear as to the truth of your theory?" "I did" he replied, "but it was for a short time only. I soon awoke as from a delusive dream to a sense of my own wretchedness. The awful truth of my accountability to God was impressed upon my mind with such a conviction as the culprit feels of the justice of the laws, when he begins to struggle beneath the halter. This conviction was attended with nothing like contrition or a desire to return to the path of virtue. I felt within my heart an unrelenting malice against all that was holy, an unconquerable mind to God that only found relief in curses and blasphemy against him. This is the reason why I became profane in my language, and abusive to my family, not because I considered them deluded as I pretended, but because I wished to restrain them from the worship of God, and make them as wretched as myself. I felt like an intruder among the works of God; nature itself seemed to reproach me with apostasy and my condition was like one who stands upon the brink of an awful vortex, and whose greatest desire is to know the depth of its horrors. Singular as it may appear, I have long desired to plunge into the depths of Hell, that I may know the full measure of my torment. It is this state of feeling that has driven me to intemperance as the only means by which I could allay the goadings of conscience and banish the horrid images of the past and the future from my mind. You have now," said he, "heard my story, and I marvel how I have so long composed myself to relate it. Leave me now, sir, to my own misery."

He then lay for a moment with his eyes seemingly fixed upon some distant object, his countenance became distorted with rage, and after gnashing his teeth, was about to vent his malignity, when observing that I still lingered by his bedside, he pointed to the door, and exclaimed in a stern voice, "Begone." With feelings that I will not attempt to describe, I left the bedside of the wretched sinner, nor did I see him again until I was called to witness the awful scene of his dissolution, which it is my painful duty now to unfold.

About ten days after the foregoing interview, I was awakened about the middle of the night by repeated and hollow groans, that I at first mistook for the howling of the storm, that was raging without, but soon perceived that they proceeded from some fellow creature in distress, and as the house in which the wretched Mr. G. was confined, was directly across the street, I readily concluded that they proceeded from him in his last and painful struggle, I accordingly raised myself in bed and was hesitating whether I should rise, when a rapping at my door confirmed my conjecture, and putting on my clothes I descended to the street, where I met a friend waiting for me with a lantern and apparently much agitated. As I opened the door he exclaimed almost breathless, come with me sir, Mr. G. is dying, and prepare yourself to witness an awful scene. And so indeed it proved, and though but ten days since we have already passed away, the fearful vision is still before me, and impressed upon my memory in characters that time can never eradicate. As I left my door the village clock tolled the solemn hour of midnight; nature itself, as if sympathizing in the melancholy catastrophe, was shrouded in darkness, and all was hushed to silence save the howling of the bleak November blast, mingled with the hollow groans of the dying sinner. As I entered his apartment, I found him stretched upon his bed in a relaxed or exhausted state, apparently senseless, and a solitary person standing beside him. Several others had attempted to render assistance but had not sufficient fortitude to witness his agonizing struggles. He soon however began to manifest signs of returning consciousness, and after rolling his glaring eyeballs from side to side with a bewildered gaze, he finally seemed to fix them on some distant object when, clenching his fists and gripping his teeth with rage, he uttered a hideous groan, and broke out into a strain of the most blasphemous curses and imprecations till his strength was exhausted, when he relapsed again into his former condition.

In this manner he continued alternately raging and relapsing for nearly two hours, when his strength became so far exhausted that he could no longer raise himself from his pillow. He still however continued to utter a curse with every fleeting breath which grew gradually shorter, and finally ceased. My companions and myself, glad to behold what we conceived to be the end of his protracted struggle, exclaimed at the same moment, he is gone. But it was not so, his distracted spirit returned to leave another evidence of its wretchedness. He began by degrees to receive his breath, and when he had sufficiently regained it to allow him the power of utterance, he sprang forward with a piercing howl, raised his hollow voice in blasphemy, and dropt into eternity with a curse against his Maker, unfinished upon his lips. Such, dear reader, was the final end of one promising and amiable Mr. G. Such are the consequences of forsaking the ways of virtue and rejecting the offers of mercy.

JOSEPH FROTHINGHAM.

This individual, whose extraordinary disappearance from Utica, last April, gave rise to a suspicion that he had been murdered, and in consequence of which several individuals were arrested, was in Liverpool on the 27th May last. When he first disappeared, a committee of the citizens of Whitesborough were raised to investigate the subject, and they caused two malcontents to be arrested, and one of them implicated a tavern-keeper there, but after a thorough examination they were all discharged. His parents have received from him the following singular letter, detailing one of the most remarkable instances of mental alienation on record, which we copy from the Salem Gazette of Tuesday.—(Morning Post.)

Atlantic Ocean, 12th May, 1853.
My DEAR PARENTS,—
What can you have thought of my sudden disap-

pearance? Many conjectures must have passed through your minds, all ending where they commenced, in dark and anxious uncertainty. But the God of heaven has been my protector through unknown dangers, and now on the unfathomed ocean, in health and safety, I hasten to explain the perplexing mystery.

While at the Institute, having nothing else to do and wishing to get ahead, I applied myself very closely to study, (particularly the Latin Grammar,) leaving off only when absolutely necessary. You recollect I arrived during vacation, before the regular course of labor had commenced, and thinking I should have plenty of it in a few days, contented myself with taking very little exercise. The effects of this close application from sunrise till 9 in the evening, I soon perceived, and several times was sensible that my thoughts for a moment or two were rather wandering. Yet I did not feel at all anxious or discouraged, reasoning with myself that so sudden a change of pursuit must necessarily cause me at first to feel rather unwell, and that after a few days my mind would recover its wonted tone. After the 5th or 6th of April, the little momentary aberrations became more frequent, and how I spent much of the time intervening between that date and the 8th, I am wholly unable to say. Some things which I did I recollect distinctly, and others only as I recall the vagaries of a dream. But after the 15th every thing is wrapped in confusion—shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it. I have a vague, dim recollection of feeling somewhat as if standing near a mountain when a volcano burst from its side.—To escape the fiery deluge I travelled by sea and land—but onward it seemed to move and ever to rear itself a wall of living fire. One only thing I can recollect clearly. Finding myself in a strange street near a large stone building, I inquired of a soldier the name of the place, and was answered "Montreal." For a moment I wondered what could have brought me there, and then came confusion over my mind again, and not an idea or incident can I recollect until yesterday, about 10 A. M., when I found myself in the steerage of a ship bound from Quebec to Liverpool. I immediately communicated every thing to my fellow passengers (a young man and wife) and from them I learned the following particulars. They first met me on the 18th April in a steamer on its trip from Montreal to Quebec. Landed in Quebec about 3 o'clock, P. M. I then followed them to a public-house close at hand, and they told me they were about to take passage in a ship for Liverpool. On their inquiry of me if I remained in Quebec, I replied "O no, I am going with you." They then told me they were glad of it, as the vessel lay at Coudre Island, 72 miles down the river, and there was no way of getting to it but by hiring a small boat, with a pilot, which would be expensive, but by sharing the expense between us we could do very well. (The ship sailed from Quebec last fall, but being blocked up by ice, was obliged to lie at the Island until spring.) I then went with him to engage a boat, after which he went to a broker's to get his notes changed for gold. On his asking if I had any, I replied "Yes," and got mine changed also. (I remember getting the amount of that check \$70.)

On the 20th of April, Saturday afternoon, (10 April.) We then returned to the house, remained there during the night, and early the next morning set sail for the ship. The wind being unfavorable we should not have gone but for the fact that the vessel was ready for sea, and only waiting a fair wind. We sailed till about 4 P. M., when we stopped at a small rocky island and waited for the next tide, (it being impossible to stem the coming in tide with a fair wind.) We then kindled a fire, for the weather was intensely cold, and at 10 P. M. without a moon or star to light the way, again embarked in our little skiff. The next afternoon (Sunday) commenced a tremendous snow-storm, and the sea running very high, (the river at that place is about 25 miles wide,) obliged us to retrace our course 15 miles to find a safe harbor—for the shore is generally rocky and dangerous. Landed about sunset, and then walked two miles through the pathless woods, the snow averaging 12 inches in depth.

The next morning tide found us again on the water, and we tacked to and fro till 2 the next morning, when the excessive cold compelled us to cast anchor and wait through water knee deep to the shore, and from there to travel half a mile to a boat occupied by a French family, who understood not a word of English. The next afternoon arrived in safety to the ship, and sailed next morning (Wednesday 24th.) While in the Gulf we were detained five days by the ice, and afterward were in great danger from icebergs, some of which were 2 or 300 feet in thickness and several miles in circuit.

The captain informed me that I engaged as cabin passenger, but as he found I had only a small amount of money, I was obliged to take passage in the steerage. Such passengers must find their own bedding and provisions, but as I had none he sold me or lent me every thing necessary. I was taken sick as soon as we had a very high sea, and was just able to get upon deck after a week's confinement, day before yesterday. I had been on deck some hours yesterday morning, and had just come down into the hold, when my mind in an instant was as clear and as rational as ever.

The captain remarked that he had sometimes suspected me to be a little deranged, and my fellow passengers thought my appearance very odd at Quebec, but as I was frequently engaged while on board in reading their books, they concluded it was owing to "absence of mind, and a naturally eccentric character." They could hardly believe when I first made known to them my utter ignorance of every transaction since the time I met with them on the St. Lawrence. They told me I had been uniformly courteous and cheerful, and that when we walked from the shore to a house during the storm, I carried her in my arms about half the way, she being too cold and weary to walk.—They were well wrapped up in blankets, but I had nothing but my cloak, and got two of my fingers frozen. You can better conceive than I can express how strangely I felt when reason first told me that I was in the cabin of a vessel, and when I knew from the pitching and tossing that that vessel was on the ocean. I am in hopes of meeting with some vessel bound homeward, and if I cannot return in her, to send this letter. If we speak no vessel in which I can return, I shall probably take passage immediately after arriving in Liverpool. Till then I leave all other incidents connected with this almost incredible loss of reason, to the doubt that study was the cause, and thus are all my hopes of going through college blasted—for I should not dare to make a second attempt. But I think nothing of that—I am lost in wonder that such a journey could have been performed in safety in such a singular absence of mind—and to think too that I even went through all without even losing my money is most strange. My preservation appears indeed miraculous—but I know not what to say. How thankful I should be to the Great Being who has guided and directed my wanderings—thankful?" "His too tame a word—all words cannot express my feelings, and I feel all—for the contemplation almost overwhelms me.

Ever your affectionate Son,

JOSEPH.

Liverpool May 27—Arrived here at 3 o'clock this morning. Spoke several vessels during the passage, but none bound to any port nearer home than St. Johns and New Orleans. We had on the whole a pleasant passage. My health of body and mind was never better than now. I have been on shore and have now returned to the ship where I am writing.

If my life is spared, you may expect either to hear from me or see me in two or three weeks after you receive this; but if it should be longer, you must impute the delay to the packet or vessel, as possibly it may be detained by contrary winds.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Excepting the church, the jewel office, and the houses belonging to the officers, the Tower may be considered as a great arsenal or deposit of warlike instruments, and a museum of the

armorial equipments of the English, in historical succession, from the earliest period in which fire arms were employed. In the horse armory, all the kings of England, from the Conqueror to George II. are represented on horseback, dressed in the full and appropriate costume of war, and a complete suit made for Henry VIII, when eighteen years old, is six feet in height. Queen Elizabeth is represented as standing beside a cream-colored horse, and dressed in the same armour which she wore in the camp at Tilbury, in 1588. Some are completely covered with polished steel from head to foot; others only with breastplates.

But the room in which the small arms are kept, will perhaps surprise the stranger as much as any other. In one apartment of 343 feet in length, he sees arranged in the most complete and symmetrical order, and all burnished and kept in perfect condition, arms for 200,000 men.—Griscom's Travels.

Remarks.

The martial spirit displayed in this exhibition of the sovereigns of England, and the preparations for hostilities, will account in some measure for the long catalogue of British wars. Let it be remembered that all these sovereigns were professedly the disciples of the Prince of peace. But how horrid would be the blasphemy to represent Him "dressed in the full and appropriate costume of war."—Friend of Peace.

REVIVAL IN NEW HAMPTON ACADEMY.

Messrs. Editors.—At this place we are enjoying a very extensive revival of religion. It commenced in the institution about three weeks ago. Two weeks ago to-morrow, two of the students of the seminary expressed hope in Christ. We humbly hope we were not altogether unprepared for such glorious intelligence. The religious part of the students had been praying, and seemed to expect it. The same day that those found peace in believing, the casualty at Mr. Hanford's by lightning, resulted in the death of three persons, the particulars of which you have before heard.

Seeing that God in his providence had taken special means to teach us the necessity of being prepared to die, it was thought proper to use special efforts for this purpose, consequently the following Saturday was observed by the students as a day of self-examination, fasting and prayer. Great engagedness was manifested on the part of the pious, and contrition on the part of the unconverted. About thirty have indulged hope—old hopes revived, and backsliders re-claimed. Many of the people of the town are anxious, and we are praying for a general refreshing in the churches throughout the state. Amén. Yours, in haste, N. E. Bap. Register.

SCHOOL FOR MISSIONARIES.

Agreeably to appointment of the Board, Rev. Mr. Wade and the two native disciples are now established at Hamilton, N. Y. Their instructions in Burman and Karen are attended by native brethren and sisters, who are destined hereafter to labor for the good of the heathen. It is expected that a year's study will give them acquaintance with these languages, that on their arrival in Burmah, they will be able almost immediately to enter upon the work to which they have devoted their lives. The present undertaking is valuable for several reasons. It will serve as an experiment, whether it be better that missionaries should learn the languages of the heathen before they leave their own country, or not until they have arrived at their field of labor. It will furnish to linguists an opportunity to compare those barbarous tongues with others more generally known, and add richness and fulness to the department of philology. It will enable our brethren to prolong their usefulness in their own country, and to cherish the missionary flame, around the circle where they reside. It will give our missionaries time to recreate and invigorate themselves for future toils under the enervating climate of India, that they may not endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. We believe every friend of missions will feel an interest, and lift up his prayers for "THE BURMAN SCHOOL."—Bap. Mag.

TRACTS FOR BURMAH AND SIAM.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the American Tract Society, New York, July 17, 1853, \$20,000 were devoted to the distribution of tracts in foreign countries. Of this sum \$4,000 are given in trust to the American Board of Foreign Missions—\$5,000 to be expended in tracts for Burmah, and \$1,000 for Siam. As soon as adequate means are furnished, these amounts will be immediately forwarded. While the treasures of our religious societies are thus freely opened, what need have we to implore the more abundant treasures of divine influence to be poured forth on those societies at home, and their efforts in the cause of the Redeemer abroad?—Ib.

For the Christian Secretary.

A THOUGHT ON LIFE.

Man is but a transient being that dissolves like the dew drop in the morning's sun. A few short years, and this frame which once seemed too buoyant to languish, withers "neath the pale, pale touch of death. A few short hours and all the animating hopes and pleasing realizations which people life's Utopian dream, float like the ephemeral vapors away. We were placed here in an immortal hand to ripen, like the fruitage of the fields, for Heaven's choice garner. We were placed here to prepare for an endless eternity. Our scholarship in this world, is but to accomplish us for that class of beneficent beings, who inhabit the glorious realm of an unpolled and immortal calm, beyond the shadowy precincts of this vale of tears; and how incumbent it is that we should improve each moment in the pleasing task of fitting us for that intelligent society, whose Heaven wrought theme, is God! Were we to exhaust each moment of our lives in acquiring knowledge of His omnipotence, we could but say "Thy ways are past finding out." Where'er we turn our eyes, we trace the works of His benevolent kindness. The gladdening fields o'erladen with luxuriant fruitage—the moistening dews that nourish and invigorate lavish nature.

The food that sustains us through each revolving season, and the friends that cheer us in life's fearful pathway, are but the blessings of His parental hand. And now what remuneration does He ask in return for such unparalleled bounty? What does He require for preserving our forfeited lives through the thousand dangers and temptations that beset us each hour of our earthly pilgrimage? "Thy but to consecrate the heart and its affections to Him in penitent prayer. To love Him, as our only protector and benefactor; and to redeem our time.

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POETRY.

For the Secretary.

MISSIONARY ARDOR.
 Let me to Burma go,
 Or to some distant shore,
 Where Ganges' waters flow,
 Or Nigra's torrents roar.
 O! let me where those waters roll
 Four light upon the Pagan soul!
 Or o'er the hill and dale
 Of the far famed west,
 Where in each woody vale
 The red men's wigwags rest,
 O! let me there the story tell
 That Jesus conquered death and hell.
 Or else to northern skies,
 Amid eternal snow,
 Where waters boldly rise,
 And into mountains grow,
 O! let me the Greenland save,
 From death—(from death beyond the grave.
 Or else to China's shore,
 Where superstition reigns,
 Where idols, men adore,
 Fast bound by darkness' chains,
 O! let me there tell of that love
 Which drew a God from Heav'n above.

O! must the heathen die,
 And never know the way
 To God, to heav'n on high?
 No! I'll no longer stay.
 Where men the Gospel will not hear,
 Where men my saviour will not fear.

To Gentiles lo! I turn,
 Who will the word receive,
 Though on their altars burn
 Victims: yet undecieve
 Them will the God of boundless power,
 While on their souls his grace he'll pour.

O God my heart is fix'd,
 To Burma let me go,
 My feelings intermix'd
 With sympathetic woe,
 Shall there beneath each banian tree,
 Make known of thy salvation free.

No more shall Burma's sons
 Fear a vile idol's frown,
 No more before him run,
 Or at his feet fall down,
 But Jesus shall be all in all,
 And on his name shall Burma call.

A. G. P.

From the U. S. Telegraph.

ENGLISH FACTORY LABOR BILL.

A bill is before the British Parliament to limit the period of young persons working in factories. The chief provisions are, that none under the age of twenty-one shall be compelled to work between the hours of seven in the evening, and six next morning—and that those under eighteen shall be employed usually only ten hours each day, and only eight hours every Saturday. The hours may be varied in commencement and termination to suit the convenience of the employer; but the number of hours are not to be varied. Children under the age of nine years are not to be employed at all; nor are any children to be detained on Sunday in cleansing the machinery. The walls of the working rooms are required to be white-washed once a year, and in all factories to be hereafter erected, the walls of all such rooms are to be at least ten feet in height. The labor is to be regulated by the time pieces set by the nearest public clock. The machinery is to be fenced or boxed off, so as to prevent accidents, and if any fatal accidents occurred in consequence of the neglect of this precaution, they are to be imputed as "manslaughter" to the owners of the factory, who are to deposit a pecuniary compensation for the sufferer, where the injury is serious without being fatal. It is proposed that the act shall take effect on the 1st of July.

In connection with this subject, we have extracted the following pretty and pathetic stanzas from "The True Sun" (London paper) of the 6th of April.

THE FACTORY GIRL'S LAST DAY.

"Four or five months back there was a girl of a poor man's that I was called on to visit; it was poorly; it had attended a mill, and I was obliged to relieve the father in the course of my office, (that of assistant overseer of the poor) in consequence of the bad health of the child; by-and-by it went back to its work again; and one day he came to me with tears in his eyes; I said, 'what is the matter, Thomas?' He said, 'My little girl is dead.' I said, 'when did she die?' He said, 'in the night; and what breaks my heart is this: she went to the mill in the morning, she was not able to do her work, and a little boy said he would assist her if she would give him a penny on Saturday; I said I would give him a penny; but at night when the child went home, perhaps a quarter of a mile, it fell down several times on the road through exhaustion, till at length it reached its father's door with difficulty, and it never spoke audibly afterwards; it died in the night. I judged she might be ten years old.'—*Minutes of Evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, page 110.*

'Twas on a winter morning,
 The weather wet and wild,
 Three hours before the dawning
 The father roused his child;
 Her daily moral bringing.
 The darkness round her paced,
 And cried, "the bell is ringing,
 My hapless darling, haste!"

"Father, I'm up, but weary,
 I scarce can reach the door,
 And long the way and dreary,
 O carry me once more!"
 To help us we've no mother,
 You're no employment nigh,
 They killed my little brother,
 Like him I'll work—and die!"

Her wasted form seemed nothing,
 The load was at his heart;
 The father kept soothing
 Till at the mill they part.
 The overlooler met her,
 As to her frame she crept,
 And with his thong he beat her,
 And cursed her as she wept.

Alas! what hours of sorrow
 Made up her latest day;
 Those hours that brought no morrow,
 Too slowly passed away;
 It seemed, as she grew weaker,
 The thread the oftener broke,
 The rapid wheels ran quicker,
 And heavier fell the stroke.

The sun had long descended,
 But night brought no repose;
 Her day began and ended,
 As cruel tyrants chose,
 At length to a little neighbour
 Her half penny she paid,
 To take her last hour's labor,
 While by her frame she laid.

At last the engine ceasing,
 The captives homeward rush'd,
 She thought her strength increasing—
 'Twas hope her spirits flush'd;
 She left, but oft she tarried,
 She fell and rose no more,
 Till by her comrades carried,
 She reached her father's door.

All night, with tortured feeling,
 He watched his speechless child;
 And close beside her kneeling,
 She knew him not nor smil'd.
 Again the factory's ringing,
 Her last perceptions tried;
 When from her straw-bed springing,
 "'Tis time!" she shriek'd, and died!

That night a chariot passed her,
 While on the ground she lay;
 The daughters of her master
 An evening visit pay—
 Their tender looks were sighing
 As negro wrongs were told;
 While the white slave was dying
 Who gained their father's gold!

From the Newark Monitor.

THE ORPHAN TUTE.

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

(Continued.)

AN ACCOUNT OF MYSELF.

When I was a little girl, and began to remember, I lived in a little white house, with a lady who was very kind to me. One day I was playing in the road, and a man drove his waggon, that ran over me, and crushed my head, and I was near dying; yet I got well, but I was deaf and dumb. The kind lady often wept over me much, and she was pale and sick. One day I saw her lie in a coffin, she did not look at me, or move, and I cried very much. A gentleman took me away, and he rode with me some days in a chair. He set me down, and I picked some strawberries. The gentleman got into the chair and left me. I cried after him, but he rode away fast. I felt very much afraid, and I sat down and wept. A good boy found me, and led me home to his parents. They pitied me, and took care of me, and I was very happy. I was always pleased to play and converse with my young friends, but I was often envious and sorry because they went to school and learned, and I was ignorant.

Then my friends began to learn me to write, and I was very glad. Then they said I should come to the Asylum to be taught; but I was afraid and did not wish to leave my home. They told me that I would learn to read fast, and that they would often come and see me. Then I felt willing to come. When I came to the Asylum I was very happy to converse by signs, and to study many things. I soon began to read the books. I often thought of my friends, but they did not come to see me, nor write to me, and I sometimes felt very unhappy, because they neglected me. But I hope that my teachers and directors will be my friends. And I am happy to think that I have learned about God and the Bible, and that God is good, and will be the friend of the friendless, and the father of the orphans. And I will try to be good, that I may not displease him.

MARY WILSON.

The reading of this simple and affecting composition, brought tears to the eyes of the amiable lady, and Mr. P. himself was much affected. Just then a knock was heard at the door. Mr. P. opened it and ushered in a young man of prepossessing appearance and manners. He apologized for his intrusion, observing that he had called to see an old friend, among his pupils, one Mary Wilson. Pleased at so extremely opportune an adventure, Mr. P. desired his guest to sit down, while he would go and call her. While he was gone on this friendly errand, the stranger explained to Mrs. P. the cause of the apparent neglect with which Mary had been treated, by mentioning the deaths of those who had placed her in the Asylum, within a few weeks afterwards. The only other person who claimed a particular interest in her welfare, had been pursuing his studies in a distant College, and during the vacations, obliged to attend on the son, on whom he depended for support. But having now left college, and begun the study of the law in the office of an eminent practitioner at *** he had lost no time in calling to enquire for her.

We must now change the scene. In another room of the Institution, there were collected about forty females, chiefly from ten to twenty years of age. They were all neatly dressed, and displayed contented and happy faces. Their employments were various, some were engaged in the manual occupations of their sex, some were reading, some eagerly conversing on the news of their little world, and a few looking from the windows with the curiosity natural to their age and sex, and perhaps with no small relish of the beauties unfolding under the warm sun of April. Among the whole there was, perhaps, a larger share of personal attractions than could often be met with among the same number promiscuously assembled; but one young lady, apparently about eighteen, instantly struck the eye by the unrivalled symmetry of her form, and the charms of a countenance, which, though not perfectly regular, yet beamed alternately with intelligence and sensibility. It seemed in fact a transparent covering for her heart and mind. But at the moment at which we introduce the reader, there was an expression of seriousness and sadness in her eyes which were intently bent on the pages of a little red covered book, and thence occasionally seeking the columns of a dictionary.

The door of the room opened: twenty eyes immediately glanced towards the respected form of their principal. He placed his finger behind his right ear, and every eye which saw the action, instantly turned on the young lady we have attempted to describe. Intent on her book, she did not immediately perceive the signal, but those near her were prompt to inform her that she had been called. When Mr. P. saw that he had caught her eye, he beckoned her to follow, and in answer to her enquiring glance, locked his fingers together, the established sign of a friend; then holding up one finger, and extending his palm towards herself, he pointed to the parlor below. They were already through the door, but the gestures we have attempted to describe, were caught and repeated by those near the door; and in a few seconds all in the room knew that Miss Wilson had been called to the parlor to see a friend.

Mary followed her teacher with such feelings as a young, ingenious, and warm hearted girl might be supposed to feel, who, believing herself for years neglected by her earliest and most valued friends, should find herself suddenly summoned to their presence. As they descended the stairs she ventured to inquire whether the friend who awaited her, was one of those who accompanied her to the Asylum four years before. He shook his head and intimated that it was a young man, adding at the same time of

those gestures and imitative variations of the countenance, which are frequently used by deaf mutes to give an idea of the personal appearance of strangers, but which we should vainly attempt to transfer to paper.

Mary's heart fluttered, and her head grew dizzy. Mr. P. perceiving her emotion, kindly took her arm, and they entered the room. A single glance told her that her suspicions were correct. She saw the companion of her childhood, changed indeed, and improved in manly beauty, but not disguised from the penetrating eye of one, long accustomed to mark the human countenance. As George looked on the tall and elegant girl before him, he could hardly believe that it was the same he had left four years before, almost a mere child. But quickly recovering himself, he came forward, and took her hand with a warmth which spoke to Mary's heart more than words could have expressed. In the confusion of the moment he spoke to her audibly, but smiling at his mistake, he endeavored to recall those almost forgotten looks and gestures which he was wont to employ years before, but in this mode of communication he soon found himself embarrassed, but reflecting that Mary had now learned to write, he immediately produced his pencil and pocket book, and seating himself by her side, soon explained to her the melancholy cause of the apparent neglect with which she had been treated. He now found no difficulty in making her understand the motives which had led to their separation, and the nature of present employment. Eager to ascertain the improvement of her mind, he conversed with her at some length, and his questions were always answered with a readiness and intelligence which both surprised and delighted him. In historical and geographical knowledge she scarcely yielded to himself; and though almost entirely unacquainted with the fictions of poetry and romance, (for there are too many truths which require to be imparted to the minds of the deaf and dumb, to permit any part of the limited period allotted to their education to be devoted to fiction,) she evidently possessed both imagination and sensibility. Astonished and delighted by her improvement, and fascinated by her replies, which evinced a heart wholly uncorrupted by intercourse with the world, and deeply imbued with the truths of religion and morality, George protracted his visit as long as he could with propriety. And he afterwards called at the Institution, as often as he could find leisure and a decent pretext. He now began again to acquire the eloquent and poetical gestures, which he often found to express his feelings at least to Mary, much more forcibly and clearly than words could do, and when his skill in this language failed, the manual alphabet was an interpreter always ready at his finger's ends.

"What a lovely girl she is," said George to himself one day, as he left the Institution, "what a beautiful form, and a face like heaven's bow in showers, around which her dark hair flows like the streaming clouds, as Ossian says. And then what grace and propriety in all she says or does; what a highly gifted mind she must possess, to have acquired in four years, larger and better arranged stores of knowledge than many, with every advantage, have acquired in twenty years. In a few days, Mr. P. says, her time as a State pupil will expire. Where can she then go. My parents alas! are no more; my uncle is a single man, and of a morose temper. And this lovely, intelligent, helpless, and warm hearted girl, clings to me as her only friend, as she did when I picked her up among the strawberries. Shall I leave her fragile form and susceptible heart to the cold charity of the world? No! I will devote my life to her; I will be her protector." And with these generous feelings he sat down to write to his uncle. To this uncle he had been much obliged. By him he had been placed in a situation where he could gratify his passion for knowledge, and where the powers of his mind had room to develop themselves. By him he had been assisted along the rugged path to fame, which his ardent genius longed to essay. And his uncle, though constantly pressing on him the necessity of depending on his own exertions for the acquisition of fame and fortune, still held out the idea that his nephew would be his heir. George, therefore, felt it to be incumbent on him to gain his uncle's consent, if possible, though when he reflected on the subject he felt almost hopeless of obtaining it. He sat down, however, and summoned all his powers to represent the case in such a light as would be the most apt to make an impression on his uncle. He painted in glowing colors, the personal and mental charms of Mary; he described her destitute and helpless condition, and mentioned the early ties which had connected them, and finished by declaring that with such a being he could enjoy more domestic happiness than with any other, and in the most respectful manner implored his uncle's consent.

STEPHEN GIRARD.

[Our readers have been made acquainted with the extraordinary benevolence of this extraordinary man. The following brief delineation of his character will be read with interest.]—*Chr. Watchman.*
Extract from an Address pronounced by Nicholas Biddle, Esq. of Philadelphia, on the occasion of laying the corner stone of the Girard College for Orphans, July 4th, 1833.

We all remember, and most of us knew him. Plain in appearance, simple in manners, frugal in all his habits, his long life was one unbroken succession of intense and untiring industry. Wealthy, yet without indulging in the ordinary luxuries which wealth may procure—a stranger to the social circles—in indifferent to political distinction—with no apparent enjoyment except in impelling and regulating the multiplied occupations of which he was the centre,—whose very relaxation was only a variety of labor,—he passed from youth to manhood, and finally to extreme old age, the same unchanged, unvarying model of judicious and successful enterprise. At length men began to gaze with wonder on this mysterious being, who, without any of the ordinary stimulants to exertion, urged by neither his own wants, nor the wants of others,—with riches already beyond the hopes of avarice, yet persevering in this unceasing scheme of accumulation; and possessing so much, strove to possess more as anxiously as if he possessed nothing. They did not know that under this cold exterior, and aloof in that stern solitude of his mind, with all that seeming indifference to the world and to the world's opinions, he still felt the deepest sympathy for human affliction, and nursed a stronger, yet far nobler and wiser ambition to benefit mankind than ever animated the most devoted follower of that world's applause. His death first revealed that all this accumulation of his laborious and prolonged existence, was to be the inheritance of us and of our children, that for our and their comfort, the city of his adoption was to be improved and embellished, and above all, that for their advancement in science and in morals, were to be dedicated the fruits of his long years of toil.

It required the self-denial of no common mind to resist the temptation of being himself the witness and the administrator of this bounty, and to have abstained

from enjoying the applause of his grateful countrymen, who would have acknowledged with affectionate respect, the benefits which they derived from him. Yet even this secret and prospective munificence must have had its charm for a mind like his; and we may well imagine that the deep and retired stillness of his spirit was often soothed with the visions of the lasting good, and, perhaps, too, of the posthumous glory which he was preparing. Such contemplations he might well indulge, for to few have they been so fully realized. From the moment that foundation stone touched the earth, the name of Girard was beyond the reach of oblivion. From this hour, that name is destined to survive to the latest posterity; and while letters and the arts exist, he will be cited as the man who, with a generous spirit and a sagacious foresight, bequeathed, for the improvement of his fellow men, the accumulated earnings of his life. He will be remembered in all future times by the emphatic title with which he chose to be designated, and with which he commences his will—a title by which we ourselves may recognise him as "Stephen Girard, of the city of Philadelphia, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Merchant and Benefactor"—the author of a more munificent act of enlightened charity than was ever performed by any other human being.

His will, indeed, be the most durable basis of all human distinction—a wise benevolence in the cause of letters. The ordinary charity which feeds or clothes the distressed, estimable as it is, relieves only the physical wants of the sufferer. But the enlightened beneficence which looks deeper into the wants of our nature—which not merely prolongs existence, but renders that existence a blessing, by pouring into these recesses of sorrow the radiance of moral and intellectual cultivation—this it is which forms the world's truest and most enduring monument. His glory is the more secure, because the very objects of that benevolence are enabled to repay with fame, the kindness which sustains them.

It is not unreasonable to conjecture that in all future times, there will probably be in existence many thousands of men who will owe to Girard, the greatest of all earthly blessings, a virtuous education; men who will have been rescued from want, and perhaps from vice, and armed with power to rise to wealth and distinction. Among them will be found some of the best educated citizens, accomplished scholars, intelligent mechanics, distinguished artists, and the most prominent statesmen. In the midst of their prosperity, too, such men can never forget the source of it, nor will they ever cease to mingle with their prayers, and to commemorate with their labors the name of their great benefactor. What human being can be insensible to the happiness of having caused such a succession of good through remote ages, or not feel that such applause is more grateful than all the shouts which ever rose from the bloodiest field of battle, and worth all the vulgar fame of a hundred conquests!

BLEMISHES IN SOCIAL PRAYER MEETINGS.

Permit me to make a few remarks for the better regulation of our meetings for social prayer, which, with all due deference to such men as the biographer of Felix Neff, and the late amiable Bishop Heber and judicious Scott (whose opinions he cites), have been, and still are, eminently blessed of God for the comfort and enlargement of the church of Christ.

I can easily conceive that the distaste which these holy men had imbibed against meetings of this description might have been owing, in a great measure, to some unfavourable specimens which had fallen in their way; as, if I mistake not, Mr. Scott particularly instances the conduct of certain Antinomians, who, in the prayer meetings at Olney, were a great annoyance to good Mr. Newton. But, surely, such sad abuses as those, which all alike must deplore, and which it is hoped are after all extremely rare, can in reason no more be cited as arguments against the utility of prayer meetings than the desecration of the Lord's supper could be alleged against the scriptural administration of that delightful ordinance.

I have sometimes thought that we are living upon the eve of a great revival of the spirit of prayer. The public mind seems to be more frequently drawn to the consideration of its importance than in former times, and it is now no uncommon case to hear from the platform, as well as the pulpit, urgent addresses upon the need of a more fervent spirit of supplication for the descent of that reviving influence, under which the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the garden of the Lord. The subject, also, as I need not remind your readers, has been already pleaded from the press, and by none more piously and judiciously than by Dr. Sprague, in his late work upon Revivals of Religion, and our brethren of Worcester and Birmingham, whose very edifying remarks accompany the English edition.

All this, it must be acknowledged, is of a very encouraging cast, nor can it be doubted that many have been aroused by these means from a state of torpor and indifference. Still, I think, our prayer meetings are not yet what they should be; nor is the attendance upon them so general as could be wished. Something appears to keep away many whom we are accustomed to regard as persons of piety, and to drive away others from the gates of Zion, who, for some time, had been accustomed to frequent the house of prayer. Reasons, no doubt, as various as the points of the compass, may be assigned for this indifference, all based upon the grand defect of the heart from God; yet there are other causes of a potent influence which are commonly overlooked, and which require only to be pointed out in order to be removed. I confess it has sometimes appeared to me that some of our pious brethren who conduct the business of the meeting are (though ignorant of it themselves) the frequent cause of the evil in question, and which I am persuaded none would seriously deplore than they. Prayers, in general, Mr. Editor, on the occasions referred to, may justly be deemed much too long. Our good brethren are drawn out with holy desire, and with the multitudinous claims and necessities of the church, and not unfrequently occupy that time in their supplications which would be deemed sufficient for any ordinary discourse. I hope I am not disposed to check the fervour of a devotional spirit, but there certainly should be a difference observed between the length of a social & of a private prayer. A prayer of half an hour's duration may be delightful and refreshing in the one case, whereas in the other it would be soporific and tiresome. As we are praying with others, as well as for them, we should "consider their frame," and remember that some amongst them are too young to endure a protracted exercise of this description, whilst others are too infirm. Some, perhaps, have come to the house of God after the toils and fatigues of their daily labour; and others, again, have engagements of a domestic nature awaiting them at the close of the meeting.

There is a great deal of good sense in the old adage, "Better be satisfied than sated;" and our brethren have too much wisdom and piety to refuse the application of it to attendants of this description. It is an unhappy circumstance, I fear, too common in our churches, that young persons who have been habituated to frequent meetings for social prayer, seldom continue the

practice when they become their own masters. This may be, and probably often is, owing to other causes than the one which has been noticed; still, a wise man would be cautious not to throw a stumbling block in the way.

Permit me to conclude this paper with an extract from Mr. James, who, in the second edition of his "Church Member's Guide," thus forcibly declares his sentiments upon this subject:—"Unfortunately," says he, "for the interest of our prayer meetings, the brethren who lead our devotions are so outrageously long and dull, that, after enjoying the first half of their prayers, the congregation are anxiously waiting for the close of the other half. We are often prayed into a good frame, and then prayed out of it again by those who extend their supplications to the length of twenty or five and twenty minutes at a time. A prayer on these occasions should rarely exceed ten minutes. I do earnestly recommend this to the brethren who are in the habit of engaging in public prayer. Devotion ends when weariness begins. Brevity, fervour, and variety, are the qualities which all should seek. It is also to be regretted that the prayers are so much alike in the arrangement of their parts. Each individual seems to think it necessary that he should pursue a regular routine. How much more edifying would it be if one were to confine himself to one topic, and the next were to enlarge upon what the preceding one had omitted! If a person feels his mind impressed and drawn out by any particular subject, let him confine himself to that subject, and not suppose that his supplications will be unacceptable either to God or man, because he has not brought in the sick, the church, the minister, the nation, the world, &c."—*London Ecan. Magazine.*

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